

DEAR JUNIOR EDITORS:

JUANITA TOMPKINS has a new idea about words. She thinks of them in a different way. She writes: "My hobby is words. I like to find out what all the words mean. I think they are like people, and your vocabulary like a city. Some words are pretty and some are ugly. Some of them look innocent but they have horrible meanings. Some of them are kind words, some are harsh, and others are rare. Some are common words, some are full of love, while others are full of hate." I never thought of words in that way, but now that Juanita has described them so, it seems to me a new and interesting way in which to think of them. Don't you agree?

Affectionately,
Katherine Worthington.

Yesterday

FIRST Grade: Strange, incomprehensible things.
Second: Atmosphere clearing, beginning of understanding.

Third: Friends, quarrels, an adored teacher.

Fourth: Learning to depend upon myself.
Fifth: New Friends, beginning of life.
Sixth: A teacher opening the way to higher intellect, a helper, and dear person in my life forever.

Seventh: Stunned by first really hard knocks of life.

Eighth: Studies, pleasure, readiness to combat anything.

Ninth: New qualities discovered within myself. Development of new friendships.

Tenth: A dear teacher, who taught me much of life. My beginning of work toward a definite goal.

Eleventh Grade: To-day, character-building, friends; delving into life's mysteries; an adored teacher.

Josephine Rogers (age 16), Nebraska.

IT WAS such a wonderful day. The serene blue of the sky, the weather not too hot, just right (and in July), but the day, our first at the seashore. After breakfast father asked me if I would like to play golf with Judge Thompson, his old college chum. Would I, when he was a champion? Well, rather!

Swimming in the afternoon, and then the party at the Yacht Club with father in the evening! No matter what good times I have in the future, I shall always think of yesterday as the day.

Anna C. Mader (age 15), Pennsylvania.

My Summer Reading Program

EXPECTING to be tired by exams I map out a brief but interesting reading program to suit my tastes as exactly as possible. Since it is to be a light, gay summer all heavy literature is shoved into dark corners.

First, because I feel adventurous, *The Gypsy Story-Teller* catches my eye. Lying alone on the hillside I expect to pore over it. When I wish to be amused *Great-Grandmother's Piece Book* can be counted on to furnish entertainment. I need one old friend and I guess *Daddy Long Legs* will be she. Last, but not least, the chosen mystery is *Wish in the Dark*.

Don't you think mine is an ideal program?

Marjorie Myers (age 13), New York.

My Favorite Poem

I LIKE "O Captain! My Captain!" because it is heroic and it is about a great man, Abraham Lincoln. This poem is very solemn and peaceful (I think). It tells about Lincoln (the Captain) and how on the deck he lay cold and dead. It also tells about the ending of the Civil War and of slavery.

Lincoln was not lying on a ship, nor was he the captain of one. I think Captain means Lincoln as a leader, and the deck, the floor of his home.

This is a very beautiful and thoughtful poem. It shows much respect for our sixteenth President. I think it should be read on Lincoln's birthday each year.

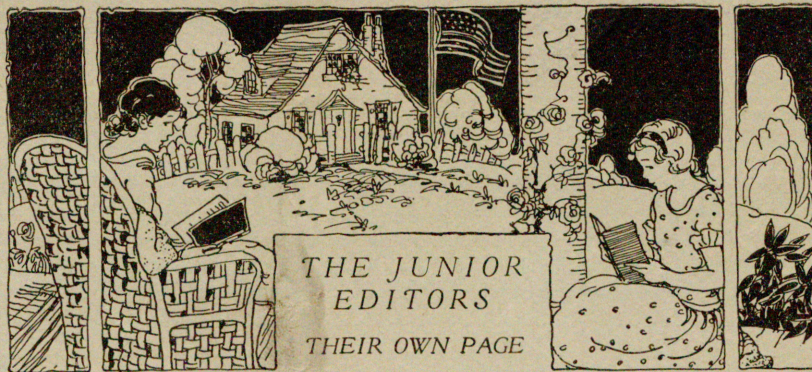
Juanita Rohren (age 13), Colorado.

I FIND it very hard to tell what my favorite poem really is, because I have so many. But after thinking awhile I came to the conclusion that Longfellow's "Prelude" to the "Voices of the Night" is really my favorite.

This beautiful poem is about the woods, and it starts:

"Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low."

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A Ride in the Night

Wending its way through the forest dark,
Each firefly glows with a reddish spark,
And on its bridle of buttercup gold
Each little elf man takes firm hold;
And decked in elfin attire so bright
Rides to the ball on Midsummer Night.

The firefly's torch unwavering burns,
Skimming over the dew-drenched ferns
Beneath the boughs of the willow trees,
Wafted along with the midsummer breeze,
Until they come to a beautiful sight—
The faerie ring on Midsummer Night.

Denise E. Ortman (age 15), Michigan.

It is a quiet poem, telling of shadows, dense green foliage, whispering breezes and clouds, in a blue, blue sky. It also speaks of dreams, and the spring "clothed like a bride," and avenues "of tall and sombrous pines." You seem to hear distant voices, and seem to be nearer God, when you read of long, green aisles in the woods, with tall pine trees lifting their lofty heads above the other trees. It makes me think of that line from "Thanatopsis," "The groves were God's first temples."

I like especially well the part telling what the dreams are about. It mentions dreams of youth, traditions, legends, and chronicles of olden days. As one reads, he, too, begins to dream of these things.

I wish all the Junior Editors would read this poem, especially those who aim to become authors. To these I particularly point out the last stanza, which begins, "Look then into thine heart, and write!"

Sara Louise Ekins (age 15), Connecticut.

The Use of Water

WE USE water for a great many things. We drink it, water our lawns with it, and use it in a hundred different ways. But what is the most important use of water? To swim in, of course. In summer the most important part of life is the big river, the salty ocean, or the quiet pool into which we plunge for a real swim. Water furnishes sport for people all over the country. They dive, swim, and float in it, and think this the best thing they could be doing. So do I.

Shirley Hoard (age 10), Washington.

Our Neighborhood

WE HAVE just moved into this town, but I have been coming to church-school here since I was a child, and when I went last Sunday I found out that a girl in my class lives opposite us.

In the middle of our street is sort of an island filled with shrubbery. It is very pretty, especially in spring and summer. All the houses are twin houses of dark and light yellow brick.

Their fronts have half a sun porch and the other half an open porch. The houses have three stories and many windows, which of course makes them very light.

My brother and I are going to have our own rooms on the third floor. It is like an apartment. We asked for those rooms and mother said we could have them. We are going to fix them up ourselves. I plan to take the back room, and my brother the front. I am going to put in my room a book stand, a bed, a chair, and a dresser. I shall do my studying there.

I have to go only about two blocks to school. The schoolhouse is new and pretty. When I am a sophomore I shall attend the other high school, if we live here at that time. That school is about six blocks from our home. It also is very beautiful.

Elaine Schnell (age 11), Pennsylvania.

JOLLY folks! Jolly pets! Jolly everything! That's our neighborhood. Children tumbling over one another on the lawns, whistles blowing, horns tooting, gleeful shouts, merry greetings, and a carefree feeling for everyone. In the back yards housewives are putting out their weekly wash, stopping now and then to chat with their neighbors.

Another scene. Children, with books slung over one shoulder, make their way toward the little red schoolhouse. Then a bell rings and there is a general hurry and scurry. A spell of silence, except for a low, steady mumble of children reciting lessons for the day, and an occasional bark of a dog. The

day goes on, everyone feeling independent and happy.

Then comes the night. The children jump into pajamas, and all is quiet. Stars shine overhead, and out of the heavens comes a sense of peace.

Frances Fortier (age 12),
New York.

PRACTICALLY all the houses on our street are built much alike, and are of wood. There are quite a few trees, mostly palm and acacia. There are about nine small children on our street. Three belong to the same family and have light hair and blue eyes. Then there is a boy about seven with dark curly hair, another girl with straight brown hair. My sister and brother bring up the rear. She is four years old and has dark brown curly hair, big brown eyes and long eyelashes. He has straight, light brown hair and brown eyes and is two years old. There are about eight other children. I have two more brothers, one eight and the other ten. They have dark hair and brown eyes. Then there is a girl and her brother; the girl is about ten, she has light hair and blue eyes, like her brother. There is a girl with light brown hair and brown eyes. She is fourteen. There are two boys about thirteen. Last of all, there is myself. I have brown eyes and brown curly hair. (The curl is not natural.) There are about nine children over fifteen years old. I don't know much about them. The two girls I play with most live two blocks away from us. One of them is fourteen and has light brown wavy hair. The other is thirteen. All in all, I think we have a very nice neighborhood.

Mary Schneider (age 13), California.

My Most Beloved Study

"NATIONAL Governments and International Relations" is the grim and forbidding name given this fascinating study. This semester was the first time our school ever offered this course. The book is a new one—just off the press—and everything is up-to-the-minute, no stuffy old dates and kings and governments dead for a couple of million years.

We studied the other countries not as they existed centuries ago but as they are to-day. Some of the chapters are: "Mexico," "Russia and the Communist Regime," "China," and "Causes of International War." Doesn't that sound intriguing? Every Friday we had the *Weekly News Review*, a paper which gives a definite and unprejudiced account of the world's political events. Each month we had a test on these papers. This was the one fly in the ointment.

After a semester of this, one ought to vote intelligently and be a better citizen. Knowing the attitudes of the other nations will help us to realize they are not altogether bad, and so will lessen our race prejudice.

Dolores Horton (age 16), Kansas.

For You to Guess

Numerical Enigma

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 13, 11 is to help.

My 5, 12, 2, 10, is a conjunction.

My 3, 7, 1 is something good to eat.

My 6, 4, 8 is a part of an automobile (abbreviated).

My whole is a well-known man.

Mina Mae Plott (age 11), Kansas.

King's Move

I L E T U R V D P If you move up,
O C H G N N I E N down, across, or di-
E C O A E P O A E agonally you should
I K R B B I L W R find the names of
B T A D L F H O T at least twelve vege-
E E C U I S N C I tables.

Patricia Powell (age 11) and Irene Diefenbach (age 12), New Jersey.

had filled her with dread, but his final affront—the unmannerly way in which he had received her polite suggestion as to feeding elephants—had been the last straw.

Suddenly she saw a figure coming toward her. She grasped the little purse in her pocket and looked about desperately for a chance to slip under the tent. The thought that she was about to be murdered and robbed raced through her mind in that giddy atom of time. Then she heard her name.

"Nancy! What are you doing?"

It was Bobbie Harris. She pressed her hand to her heart and breathed a sigh of relief.

"You nearly scared me to death," she gasped, with a trembling laugh.

"Why'd you run away from 'em?" demanded Bobbie.

"How do you know I did?"

"I was sitting right across from you, and I was watching—I happened to be looking that way, and you melted right out of sight—neat as anything!" There was a note of reluctant admiration in Bobbie's voice.

"What are you doing down here?" asked Nancy, suddenly finding his presence in equal need of explanation.

"Dropped my program."

"Oh, what a whopper!"

"Honest I dropped it—when I saw what you were up to."

"Well, let's go along," replied Nancy, satisfied. "They'll be hunting all over the place for me. I want to get to a telephone, Bobbie. Find me a telephone," she commanded, looking frantically at the litter of paper bags, gum wrappers, handkerchiefs, and discarded corn balls. "I must telephone my mother. They'll tell her I'm kidnaped and that will kill her."

"Oh, no, they won't!" chuckled Bobbie. "I've fixed that, all right. I beat it right under the tent and around to the main gate to meet your bunch as they came out. They were looking around, waiting for that tall gink that was sitting next to you. He'd gone back looking for you. The sap never thought of looking down here, of course. Well, he came sprawling back. 'She's lost!' he says, and Mrs. Brooks—"

"Mrs. Brooks! I shall never dare face her again!" cried Nancy.

"Wait!" interrupted Bobbie, excitedly. "She says, 'Oh, hurry, hurry! Find a policeman! The girl was in my care!' I wanted to give 'em a good scare, but I was afraid something might happen to you, so I stepped right up to Mrs. Brooks and told her that you had decided to stay for the Indian Show and I would see you safely home."

"Good old Bobbie! How do we get up again?"

"Easy! Crawl up between the lower ones and then we'll pick our seats."

"And then the animals!" breathed Nancy.

"Yes, and there's one peach of a—"

"I know," said Nancy. "Sadie!"

"You've said it!" grinned Bobbie. "I've got fifty cents for feeding the elephants, not including ourselves, and enough extra for sodas on the way home."

"How perfectly marvelous!" Nancy exclaimed.

"Come on! Let's look up Nora and Junior. They're staying for it. The day is really just beginning, you might say," said Bobbie, happily.

At the sight of Nancy galloping over the seats toward them Junior and Betty shrieked with joy, and Nora's face seemed to grow broader and broader as she uncovered a wide expanse of big white square teeth and their gums. She reached across Betty to wipe off a seat, and then with a chivalry which knows no time or sex, spread her rose sweater for her "Nannie darlin'" to sit upon.

"Which ring was yours?" asked Junior, by way of greeting.

"Way over."

"Mine's the middle."

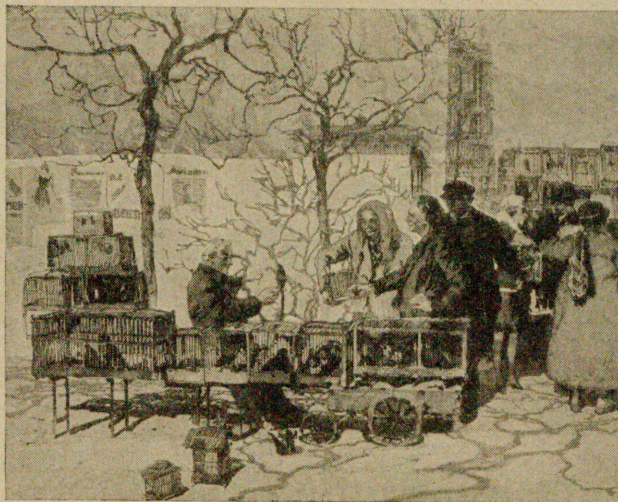
"And mine was the middle," announced Betty, hugging herself ecstatically.

"No, dear, yours was the first one," corrected Junior, patiently. The ring game without Nancy had been extremely dull.

Bobbie sank down in the place by Nancy, tossing a huge rainbow block of popcorn in her lap.

"I can't keep from thinking that the show is just beginning," he breathed.

"Me, too," said Nancy, in utter contentment.



From etching by Franz Wolf

Bird Market of Paris

BY ARTHUR KELSAY

AMONG the most interesting sights of Paris outside of museums and historic monuments are the market places. Besides the *Halles*, the great food market, there are many other smaller ones scattered throughout the city. Some are of queer origin, such as the Thieves' Market, or the Rag Fair. In others only jewels, or brass, or books are sold. Two of the most attractive to tourists are the Flower Market and the Bird Market.

The Bird Market is not held every day. Once a week near the Flower Market the bird sellers begin to gather. Bearded old men and women unload their little carts full of wicker cages and prepare for business. The birds flutter in their cages, and a few, encouraged by the brightness of the morning, burst into song. In the background are the myriad colors of the Flower Market, and, in the distance, the gray old buildings of ancient Paris.

Passers-by, attracted by the scene, gather to admire the birds. Others, who have come to buy, examine them more carefully, going from cage to cage, trying to make a choice. Birds of every sort are there and in every color of the rainbow. White cockatoos with crested heads and long plumed tails preen themselves on their perches, while little love birds bill and coo. Canaries flutter about, clearing their throats, so to speak, with little snatches of song. Pouter pigeons are very popular and seem to know it, swelling up almost to the bursting point as they strut proudly about. Red and green and yellow parrots surprise the foreigner with the French equivalent of "Polly wants a cracker!" Birds of many other kinds are also there; enough to suit any fancy of the buyer for a pet.

The better to exhibit a bird to a prospective customer the owner may take it out of its cage (if it is tame) and let it perch on his finger. Or perhaps he will fasten a light cord on its leg and toss it into the air, where it will fly around at the limit of its tether, showing off to better advantage the beautiful colors of its wing feathers. If the buyer is another Frenchman the bargaining is long. Both buyer and seller become excited; their voices grow louder and their gestures more violent as they come nearer to an agreement on the price, but to a foreigner it seems that they will come to blows at any moment. At last, however, it is settled. The money changes hands and the bird is transferred to a small wicker cage just big enough to hold it until it reaches its new home.

Toward late afternoon when the shadows lengthen and the near-by church bells ring for vespers the bird sellers pack the unsold birds and empty cages in their little carts and disappear. Nothing is left except a few feathers on the ground to show where the Bird Market was, until the next week, when the bird sellers come again with a new stock of birds for sale.

The Jewels of Suma

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they asked the trouble, but drowsiness left at Uncle Michael's hurried explanation.

"Bayedo and Gorilla have gone! And they have emptied the casks!" Hubert looked over the rail; *Clytie's* two launched lifeboats clustered at the

stern; two others were still on deck. She had but the four.

"Great galloping whales!" he cried. "They must have swum!"

In the night, apparently, Bayedo had cut his companion's bonds. Dillon gasped as he took it in. "Swim to shore with that broken arm? Got to hand it to him for nerve—his arm hurts and I don't mean maybe! Why didn't they steal the boats?" Why, indeed! They guessed because of fear of noise. Later they knew the boats were left for a more sinister reason!

"We'll have to get more water, right away!" cried Uncle Michael. "Hubert, Dillon, you'll go with me. Ung will give me two good men. I want a show of force—and we'll go armed. Not scared to stay with Ung, are you, Barbara?"

"Of course not! Not scared to stay without him!" she answered, eyes flashing. "Take him, too; you'll need him as an interpreter!"

But Uncle Michael would not. Barbara got cross about it, but it did no good. "I tell you I'm not a girl, I'm a member of the crew!" she stormed. "I didn't come along to hinder, but to help. I can outswim, outrun, and outshoot any three men in the crew! Of course you'll take Ung. I'd go, too, only—someone ought to stay because of the quilt."

"No!" said Uncle Michael. That was all, but Barbara knew it was no use to argue.

THEY put off as soon as it was light, promising to be back in two hours at most. Barbara watched them to the shore, Ung by her side, glasses to his eyes. They saw them pull the boat up on the beach, watched them file along the strand, and then enter the woods. No dark figures appeared to greet them.

For two long hours Barbara watched. Then for a third hour. She shifted position; nothing happened. No one came out of the woods. A fourth hour—Barbara walked the deck. A fifth, sixth—noon. Ung had luncheon brought her—she could not eat. Why didn't they come back? What could have happened? Had there been trouble, surely they would have heard shots.

She tried to ask Ung. But Ung could not answer. He shook his head. Barbara could not read his impassive face, but he was often at the rail, the glasses glued to his eyes. Afternoon. Six bells, seven, eight. Nothing. Cloudless sky, brilliant water, deep green of shore, sharply cut mountains in the distance—a peaceful, quiet scene, calm with the unhurried stillness of the ageless East. Barbara, a quivering mass of anxiety, wrung her hands and tramped the deck, back and forth, back and forth, seeking in motion some ease for the hideous anxiety which possessed her. . . .

Another hour, two, three. Suddenly, the momentary twilight; the winking stars; night.

Barbara was not the crying kind. She didn't know what to do, and, sensibly, did nothing. But it was cruelly hard, bitter torture, with all she loved there—somewhere—and no way to help. . . .

A slight sound at the rail wheeled her about. She looked overboard, expecting to see but the pale reflections of stars. Instead, a sleek black head bobbed up under the rail and a low voice cried huskily, "Tai! Tai!"

Barbara threw over a rope's end, then reached. A slim brown body stood dripping on the deck, its fingers to its lips!

To be continued

Camp Cooking

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and your fire safely and surely out, you'll take one last look to see that not a trace remains. That is the mark of the good camper—to leave no mark.

Perhaps you will have cooked a "one-pot" meal; perhaps it will have been a more elaborate repast. No matter. It had a woodsy tang such as no chef ever was able to capture for his choicest viands. It was spiced with fragrant wood smoke and sauced with a hundred gentle outdoor sounds. You came to it with appetite sharpened by pleasant exercise in the open air; you left it healthily satisfied.

Some people find that kitchen cooking makes their appetite less keen. No one ever said that about cooking over a camp fire!